

THE
CHRISTIAN JOURNAL,
AND
LITERARY REGISTER.

No. 9.]

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1817.

[Vol. I.

CHARACTER

Of Dr. MUDGE, Prebendary of Exeter.

The following masterly portrait of a Clergyman, is from the pen of Dr. Johnson.

Though it is not to be found in the collection of his works, Mr. Boswell, in his life of that eminent character, says, that Johnson confessed to him, he was the author of it.

"The Reverend Mr. Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St. Andrews, in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion and revered as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous; and the general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

"His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

"The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success his notes upon the psalms give sufficient evidence.—He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabick to that of the Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted from other studies, after some time, desisted from his purpose.

"His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public; but how they were delivered, can be known only to those that heard them, for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained, was not negligent; and though forcible, was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis, and laboured artifice of action, it capti-

vated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish, and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject, without directing it to the speaker.

"The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased.—His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious he was popular; though argumentative he was modest; and though inflexible he was candid."

A short plain Orthodox Sermon, principally in the language of the Book of Common Prayer.

The propriety of the epithet *orthodox*, will be evident to every one who makes use of our incomparable Liturgy. For he will perceive that its doctrines and sentiments are inculcated; and that even its expressions are adopted in almost every succeeding line.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. (Prov. xxvii. 13.)

You cannot but know, my brethren, if you remember at all what you read and hear, that "the Scripture moveth you in sundry places to acknowledge and confess your manifold sins and wickedness; and that you should not dare to dissemble nor cloak them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father; but confess them with an humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart, to the end that ye may obtain forgiveness of the same by his infinite goodness and mercy." It behoves you therefore to inquire whether you have really complied with this scriptural injunction.

That I may assist you in making this needful inquiry, and effectually

prevail on you to undertake it, if hitherto neglected, I intend,

1. To show you, what it is to cover our sins, and what must be the final issue of doing so.

2. To enlarge on the happy effect of confessing and forsaking them.

1. To cover our sins signifies to disown our guilt of them; or (as we have already seen) to "dissemble and cloak them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father." But oh; how vain and foolish an attempt! For "to him all hearts are open, all desires known, and from him no secrets are hid." He knows that we are all "miserable offenders;" that "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep; that we have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and that we have done those things which we ought not to have done;" and that, by reason of inward depravity, "there is no health in us;" that is, no spiritual health; no health or soundness in our fallen souls. What an act of presumption, then, must it be in any of us to persuade ourselves that our hearts are holy, our lives righteous, and that we have not much sin to answer for to Almighty God? What hypocrisy to say, under the influence of these sentiments, "We acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty; provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us: the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable!" How can we think that we have but little to answer for, when called to judgment: since we pray unto God, saying, "From thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation, good Lord, deliver us!" For if we are in no danger, by reason of our sins, of suffering "God's wrath and everlasting damnation, wherefore should we beseech him to deliver us from it? If we think ourselves to be good, with what propriety or shadow of truth can we thus address the throne above: "O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!"

If we depend on our own performances, either in whole or in part, for our acceptance with God, how can we declare, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, that "we do not presume to come to this his table trusting to our own righteousness?" Or, if we entertain a hope that any of our supposed good deeds will help to counterbalance our evil deeds at the bar of judgment, what vile dissimulation must it be thus to appeal to Omniscience itself: "O God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do!"

Oh, think no more of covering your manifold sins and iniquities, as with a cloak, from the all-seeing eye; nor "dissemble them before the face of Almighty God!" But confess them with a meek and lowly, with a broken and contrite heart. For otherwise, according to Solomon in my text, you cannot prosper nor obtain forgiveness of the same. Prosper, indeed, you may in your bodies and in your worldly concerns; but not prosper in your souls. For you have not obtained as yet redemption through the blood of Christ; and you have no right to say, "Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults." How unspeakably unhappy is your present state! For in the midst of life you are in death. And "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" "for lo! the Lord cometh out of his place to visit the wickedness of such as dwell upon the earth. O terrible voice of most just judgment, which shall be pronounced upon them when it shall be said unto them, Go ye cursed into everlasting fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels! Then shall it be too late to knock, when the door shall be shut; and too late to cry for mercy, when it is the time of justice. Therefore, brethren, take we heed betime, while the day of salvation lasteth; and let us not abuse the goodness of God which calleth us mercifully to amendment;" and who only "pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel."

2. I now proceed to enlarge on the happy effect of confessing and forsak-

ing our sins. For without these two qualifications we can never be said to repent; and without repentance, we shall never be saved.

The effect is blessed, and highly desirable. For every true penitent is made a partaker of divine mercy. But because "we are not able to do these things of ourselves, nor to walk in the commandments of God without his special grace; we must, therefore, learn at all times to call for it by diligent prayer." We must solemnly address him saying, "O God, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee, mercifully grant that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord." We cannot forsake our sins, we cannot even *desire* to forsake them, in and of ourselves; because by nature we love them; and because it is from God that "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."

God's sanctifying influence on our souls is always requisite. "By his special grace preventing us, he doth put into our minds good desires; by his *continual* help" we "bring the same to good effect." We may cherish perhaps a flattering conceit, that we possess power to regulate and control our own wills: nevertheless it is certain that "God *alone* can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men." It is the Lord, "from whom all good things do come:" and therefore it is the Lord must "grant unto us, that by his holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by his merciful guiding may perform the same." In baptism we were "called into a state of salvation;" and in regard to a *change of state* in which we received a title on the conditions of repentance, faith and obedience to all the privileges of the Gospel covenant, were "REGENERATED by water and the Holy Ghost;" but the privileges then given will be forfeited, unless we fulfil the conditions, and improve the grace of baptism, so as to "crucify the old man, and thereby abolish the whole body of sin;" and thus become "RENEWED by God's Holy Spirit."

"Forasmuch, therefore, as we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves," and such is our natural "frailty, that without God we cannot but fall;" how strongly do these considerations enforce on us the necessity of "beseeching him to *grant* us true repentance and his Holy Spirit, that those things may please him which we do at this present, and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy; so that at the last we may come to his eternal joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But think not that repentance gives you a just right and title to divine mercy; or that on account of your confessing and forsaking sin, you deserve mercy at the hands of God, for that would be to set aside the need of a Saviour. On the contrary, "Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood." Our prayer therefore for forgiveness should be grounded not on any thing in us, or done by us; but singly on "Christ's meritorious cross and passion, whereby *ALONE* we obtain remission of our sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven." We must humbly beseech God to grant, that by the merits and death of his Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and all his whole Church may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of his passion." God insists on our repentance, with a view that we may become capable of future salvation; and that, when he hath given us "a due sense of all his mercies, our hearts may be in the issue unfeignedly thankful." We must not therefore presume to come before his throne "trusting in our own supposed righteousness" of any description; but in Christ's "agony and bloody sweat; in his cross and passion; in his precious death and burial; in his glorious resurrection and ascension," and intercession at the right hand of his all-holy Father. And, consequently, whenever we pray, saying, "Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father," we must add, "For thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake;" (not for our repentance sake,

no, but) "for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past: grant this, O Lord, for the honour of our Advocate and Mediator Jesus Christ."

To conclude. Remember that you are all to meet that God, "to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners," both in the hour of death and at the day of Judgment; and it behoveth you beforehand, "who for your evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished," duly to humble yourselves at the feet of his majesty. "The way and means thereto is to examine your lives and conversations by the rule of God's commandments; and whereinsoever ye shall perceive yourselves to have offended, either by will, word, or deed, there to bewail your own sinfulness, and to confess yourselves to Almighty God, with full purpose of amendment of life," if "prevented with his most gracious favour, and furthered with his continual help." And whenever you hear God's ten commandments rehearsed in the public congregation, after every commandment, ask God's mercy for your transgression thereof for the time past, and grace to keep the same for the time to come; for it is God must "grant you true repentance and his Holy Spirit." It is He must "endue you with the grace of his Holy Spirit," in order that you may be enabled to "amend your lives according to his holy word."

But, "above all things, you must give most humble and hearty thanks to God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the redemption of the world by the death and passion of our Saviour Christ, both God and man; who did humble himself even to the death upon the cross for us miserable sinners, who lay in darkness and the shadow of death; that he might make us the children of God, and exalt us to everlasting life."

And now may these great things be effectually accomplished within you! May God "cleanse the thoughts of your heart by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit." May he "grant you by the Spirit to have a right judgment

in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort!" May your souls be precious in his sight! May he "wash you in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, which was slain to take away the sins of the world!" May he make you to know and feel, that "there is none other name under heaven given to man, in whom and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!" And finally, from day to day, may God the Holy Ghost sanctify you, together with "all the people of God!" To him, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, be ascribed all honour, praise, might, majesty, and dominion, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

THE PRAYER.

O Holy God, who canst not look on iniquity without abhorrence, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner. Deliver me from the delusion of attempting to conceal my sins from thine all-seeing eye, and grant me "repentance unto life." Pardon me through the blood of the cross, all mine iniquities, "which I from time to time most grievously have committed by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine majesty;" accept me through the death and merits of thy beloved Son; "and grant that I may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honour and glory of thy name," and to the eternal benefit of my own soul. Make me pure in heart, that I may be able to behold thy glory. O "cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit! Grant me by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort." And "Forasmuch as thou hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding, pour into my heart such love towards thee, that I may love thee above all things, above the gains and pleasures of this transitory world, and may finally obtain thy promises, which exceed all that I can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord." *Amen.*

COWPER'S Character as a Poet—extracted from a Review of the last volume of his Poems in the Quarterly Review.

At the time when our poetry began to emerge from the bondage of formality and pomp, Cowper appeared to advance the cause of nature and true taste. With an opinion sufficiently high of Pope and his contemporaries, modest and unenterprising, alive to censure, and seemingly scarcely conscious that he was an innovator, he yet helped essentially to restore the elder vigour and simplicity, by presenting to us the primitive Muse of England in her own undisguised features, her flexibility of deportment, her smiles and tears, her general animation and frequent rusticity. From the effects which this exhibition produced on the public, satiated with classical imitation and antithesis, he may be reckoned among the patriarchs of the present school of poetry.

Cowper's qualities are, conspicuousness of idea, often without sufficient choice; keenness of observation, descending occasionally to wearisomeness or disgust; an addiction to elevated thought and generous feeling; and a pliable manner, passing easily from the tender to the sublime, and again to the humorous. In the very throng and press of his observations on the most serious subjects, it is not unusual to encounter an effusion of wit, or a familiar remark. This may seem a strange anomaly in a writer of Cowper's turn; yet it is to be accounted for. The subjects in question were the constant themes of his meditation, the fountains of his actions, his hopes, his duties; they were inwoven with his mind, and he spoke of them with that familiarity, perfectly distinct from lightness, with which men naturally speak of what is habitual to them, though connected with their happiness, and involving many hopes and fears. It must be confessed, however, that he sometimes uses expressions, which, in a person of different principles, would be interpreted as the language of levity.

His great work, the Task, was wel-

comed on its appearance with general acclamation. It has ever since continued to rank with the most popular poems. This performance, so singular in its nature and original, has a sufficient admixture of faults: some passages are tedious, others uninteresting, and others even revolting. The language is often tinged with meanness, and pathos and beauty are sometimes interrupted by witticism. The charm of the work consists in its tender, generous, and pious sentiments; in the frankness and warmth of its manner, its sketches of nature, eulogies of country retirement, and interesting allusions to himself and those he loves; the refreshing transitions from subject to subject, and the elasticity with which he varies his tone, though the change is not always without offence; and the glow, which when a poet feels, he is sure to impart to others. We share his walks, or his fire-side, and hear him comment on the newspaper or the last new book of travels; converse with him as a kind familiar friend, or hearken to the counsels of an affectionate monitor. We attend him among the beauties and repose of nature, or the mild dignity of private life; sympathize with his elevations, smile with him at folly, and share his indignation at oppression and vice—and if he sometimes detains us too long in the hot-house, or tires us with political discussion, we love him too well to wish ourselves rid of him on that account. He is most at home on nature and country retirement—friendship—domestic life—the rights and duties of men—and, above all, the comforts and excellencies of religion: his physical dejection never overcasts his doctrines; and his devout passages are, to us, the finest of his poem. There is not in Milton or Akenside such a continuation of sublime thoughts as in the latter part of the fifth and sixth books. The peroration is remarkably graceful and solemn.

Cowper appears, at least at one time, to have preferred his first published didactic poems to the Task. There is something in priority of composition; and the Task was to him an

Odyssey, a second work on lighter subjects, taken up more as a relaxation, written less with a view of his most favourite subject, and less with the awful, yet elevating, sense of performing a momentous duty. Whatever may be attributed to these considerations, we think that a poet's opinion of his own performance is seldom without some foundation—and that many of these pieces are more uninterruptedly pleasing, and contain fewer intervals of insipidity, than the longer poem. *Table Talk* is a distinct production, a kind of *Task* in Miniature; as *Young's Resignation* is another *Night-Thought*. It abounds with passages of wit, energy and beauty, and is replete with good sense. There is something in it which reminds us of *Churchill*. The seven succeeding poems are mostly sets of precepts and remarks, characters and descriptions, delivered in a poetical manner. Here, as elsewhere, his wit, always powerful, is often clumsy, and sometimes, from being more intent on the sentiment than the expression, his language deviates into prose. There is, besides, a want of system in the subjects of each piece, which in some injures the continuity of interest. Still there is so much unsophisticated description, and sentiment, and humour—the richness of the poet's heart and mind are so diffused over the whole, that they will always be read with delight. He who would behold the full beauty of Christianity, might be referred to these poems—especially the last four.

Cowper's light pieces are characterized by vigour, playfulness, and invention; debased sometimes by inelegance, and even by conceits. His *Tales* are excellent. The verses for the *Bills of Mortality* are poetical and impressive; and the *Epistle to Hill* is quite *Horatian*. His lines on his mother's picture display remarkably his powers of pathos. Such a strain of mellowed and manly sorrow, such affectionate reminiscences of childhood unmixed with trifling, such an union of regret with piety, is seldom to be found in any language.

His translation of *Homer* retains

much of the old poet's simplicity, without enough of his fire. Cowper has removed the gilded cloud which Pope had cast over him; and his version, though very imperfect, is the more faithful portrait of the two.

In the *Task*, the author has introduced a new species of blank verse; a medium between the majestic sweep and continuous variety of *Milton* and *Akenside*, and the monotony of *Young* and *Thomson*. It is suited to his subject, smooth and easy, yet sufficiently varied in its structure to give the ear its proper entertainment. Sometimes, as in the description of the *Sicilian earthquake*, and the *Millennium*, he seems to aspire higher. He affects much the pause on the third and seventh syllables, the latter of which combines dignity with animation more than any other. It must be confessed, however, that he has not avoided flatness and uniformity. His rhyme has the freedom and energy of *Dryden's*, without its variety. His diction resembles his versification; forcible, but often uncouth. It is the language of conversation, elevated by metaphors, *Miltonic* constructions, and antiquated expressions, above the level of prose.

His letters are full of the man—of his mildness, philanthropy, and domestic temper; his pensiveness and devotion, his overstrained timidity, and his liveliness of imagination. They form the principal charm of *Hayley's Life*—for of all biographers, Mr. Hayley is happily the least loquacious; the letters, like the anecdotes in *Boswell's Johnson*, compensate for the scantiness or ordinary quality of the narrative with which they are interwoven. We think them equal to any we have met with. There is a delightful playfulness pervading them, which is perhaps the most attracting quality of an epistle.

Cowper was versed in the irony which criminales without provoking,

— the chiding which affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong—

the well-wrought affectation of pomp or gravity, and the thousand other artifices, by which an agreeable sun-

shine is thrown over poverty or dullness of matter. Sometimes, too, in the midst of sportiveness, an effusion of tenderness occurs, extremely affecting. It is a most interesting spectacle, to survey the group of excellent persons assembled round our poet—their heroic exertions for his comfort, and his warm returns of gratitude: such scenes are among the “greenest spots” of this world, and are almost enough to make us forget its miseries. His opinions on various subjects, expressed in these letters, flow less from any expansion of intellect or depth of penetration, than from plain sense, a cultivated understanding, and that clear-headedness which attends on virtue, and which enables it to discern many things which superior faculties, blinded by a bad heart or vicious habits, fail of discerning.

In the morality of his poems, Cowper is honourably distinguished from most of his brethren. Our poets have too often deviated into an incorrect system of morals, coldly delivered; a smooth, polished, filed-down Christianity; a medium system, between the religion of the Gospel and the heathen philosophy, and intended apparently to accommodate the two. There is nothing to comfort or guide us, no satisfying centre on which to fix our desires; no line is drawn between good and evil; we wander on amid a waste of feelings sublimated to effeminacy, desires raised beyond the possibility of gratification, and passions indulged till their indulgence seems almost a necessary of life. We rise with heated minds, and feel that something still is wanting. In Cowper, on the contrary, all is reality; there is no doubt, no vagueness of opinion; the only satisfactory object on which our affections can be fixed, is distinctly and fully pointed out; the afflicted are consoled, the ignorant enlightened. A perfect line is drawn between truth and error. The heart is enlisted on the side of religion; every precept is just, every motive efficacious. Sensible that every vice is connected with the rest; that the voluptuous will become hard-hearted,

and the unthinking licentious; he aims his shafts at all: and as Gospel truth is the base of morality, it is the groundwork of his precepts.

In the remarks we have hazarded on poetical morality, far be it from us to aim at introducing a cheerless monastic air into works of fancy, or diminishing the quantum of poetic pleasure:—our system would have the very contrary effect. It would relieve us from revolting pictures of crime, touched, retouched, and dwelt upon even to weariness; from long depressing complaints of the miseries of life; from the persevering malignity which pains us in reading the works of some of our most approved satirists; from the tinge of impurity, which makes us dread the pleasure we receive from some exquisitely wrought descriptions; from the want which we feel in many a favourite character of fiction—Poetry would be as cheerful as the spring sun, and as vivifying. All the sources of delight would remain, only heightened and rectified; our pleasure would be more full, and it would be without fear.

SONNET TO MRS. UNWIN.

BY COWPER.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned
they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or we I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraph's writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
mine.

LORD BYRON.

An Extract from the Quarterly Review.

With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves: we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents—it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he

was invested with them—it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors;—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least of all in its hour of adversity; and we are prepared to make full allowance for the natural effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

“————— When the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.”——

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be condemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it is given:—the roughest fisherman is an useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well meant kindness should not be despised, even were it tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. But, as if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that he must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is, of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But the man of talents must stoop to gather them, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease; that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment; to

consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which ungoverned are sure to become governors; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language:

“————— I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame”——

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor condemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

————— “*Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.*”

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject: for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called “to-day.” He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be in cases like his less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those who long to conciliate, to advise, to mediate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy of affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of the soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world has loved him, not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally understood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord Byron, with the anxious wish and eager hope that he will bring his powerful understanding to combat with his irritated feelings, and that his next efforts will show that he has acquired the peace of mind necessary for the free and useful exercise of his splendid talents.

Counsellor Phillips.

The following Review is extracted from the last number of the Quarterly Review received in this country. As it relates to an individual who has excited considerably the public attention, we insert it, in the expectation that it will be gratifying to our readers, without designing to make ourselves parties to the question of the merits of the individual whom it criticises.

- I. *The Emerald Isle, a Poem.* By Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law. *Dedicated by Permission* to the Prince Regent. London. 1813. Embellished with a full length Portrait of Brian Borhoime, King of Ireland.
- II. *The Speech of Mr. Phillips, delivered in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, in the Case of Guthrie versus Sterne; with a short Preface.*
- III. *Speeches of Mr. Phillips on the Catholic Question; with a Preface.*
- IV. *An Authentic Report of the Speech of the CELEBRATED and ELOQUENT Irish Barrister, Mr. Phillips, delivered at Roscommon Assizes.*
- V. *The Speech of Counsellor Phillips on the State of England and Ireland, and on a Reform in Parliament; delivered at Liverpool, Oct. 31, 1816.*

We have really been at a loss in what light to consider the series of works before us; they are all planned and constructed on a scale of such ridiculous exaggeration, there is so little law in the pleadings, so little poetry in the poems, and so little common sense in the prose, that we almost suspected that they were intended to ridicule that inflated and jargonish style which has of late prevailed among a certain class of authors and orators in the sister kingdom. But, in opposition to this internal evidence, there are so many circumstances of external testimony, that we have been reluctantly driven to conclude that Mr. Charles Phillips is not a censor, but a professor of the new school; and that having lost his own wits, he really imagines that the

rest of the world may be brought to admire such fustian in verse and such fustian in prose as cannot, perhaps, be equalled except in Chrononhotonthologos, or Bombastes Furioso.

Our readers must be aware, that we are generally inclined (though we do not shrink from giving our own honest opinion) to permit authors to *speak for themselves*; and to quote from their own works such passages as may appear to us to justify our criticism. We will not be more unjust to Mr. Phillips, and shall, therefore, select from his poems and pamphlets a few of those parts which are marked by his peculiar manner, and which we are well assured he considers as the most admirable specimens of his genius.

We shall begin with the following panegyric upon a certain King of Ireland, called Brian Borhoime, whose age was as barbarous as his name; and whose story is as obscure as Mr. Phillips's eulogy.

"Look on Brian's verdant grave—

Brian—the glory and grace of his age;

Brim—the shield of the emerald isle;

The lion incensed was a lamb to his rage,

The dove was an eagle compared to his smile!

Tribute on enemies, hater of war,

Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng,

Liberty's beacon, religion's bright star,

Soul of the Seneacha, "Light of the Song!"

The darkness which envelops the history of old Brian may be pleaded in excuse of the above passage, but what shall be said for the following apostrophe to the late Bishop Berkeley?—the Emerald Isle is, we ought to acquaint our readers, a series of apostrophes to Irish worthies, from Fin Macoul and Brian Borhoime, down to Mr. Curran and the wretched Dermody.

"And Berkeley, thou, in vision fair

With all the spirits of the air,

Should'st come, to see, *beyond dispute*,

Thy deathless page thyself refute;

And, in it, own that thou could'st view

Matter—and it immortal too."

We shall now give a few instances of the nonsense on stilts, which Mr. Phillips believes in his conscience to be English prose; and however he may differ from us in his opinion of their merits, we venture to assert that

he will not accuse us of having selected the worst passages.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit—is a trite proverb, and no very complicated idea; yet this simple sentence is in Mr. Phillips's version bloated out to the following size.

"Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sun-beam. Vapours may surround, prejudices may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance, that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fulness of its meridian, all life, and light, and lustre—the whole amphitheatre of Nature glowing in its smile, and her minutest objects gilt and glittering in the grandeur of its eternity."

Goldsmith had compared his Parish Priest

"To some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 steep;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

This is one of the most simple and sublime passages in English poetry: Mr. Phillips—who, by the way, is as great a plagiarist as Sir Fretful, and somewhat in his manner—thus adopts it as his own.

"The hand that holds the chalice should be pure, and the priests of the temple of Religion should be spotless as the vestments of her ministry. Rank only *degrades*, wealth only *impoverishes*, and ornaments only disfigure her; her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence, inaccessible to human passions—even like the summit of some *Alpine wonder*, for ever crowned with the *sunshine* of the *firmament*, which the vain and feverish tempest of human infirmities breaks through harmless and unheeded."

In this same style of travestie, Mr. Phillips renders either unintelligible or ridiculous every thing he touches. He censures Mr. Grattan "because," as he elegantly expresses it, "an Irish native has lost its *raciness* in an English atmosphere." When he alludes to Monseignor Quarantotti's letter, he will not condescend to mention it but as "the rescript of Italian *audacity*." When the Duke of Wellington invades France, we are told that "an

Irish hero strikes the harp to victory upon the summit of the Pyrenees." And when he would say that Mr. Grattan is an ornament to his country, it is expressed "that he poured over the ruins of his country the elixir of his immortality!"

When some judicious persons at Liverpool toast the health of this wild ranter, he *modestly* and intelligibly describes the effect which this great event will have in Ireland—

"Oh! yes, I do foresee when she (Ireland) shall hear with what courtesy her *most pretensionless* advocate (Mr. Phillips) has been treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope, but I am glad to grasp at any *phantom* that *fits* across the *solitude* of that country's *desolation*!"

There is, it seems, a certain Irishman of the name of Casey resident in Liverpool, and, we presume, he was one of the promoters of the before-mentioned toast; for Mr. Phillips, after a magnificent description of this worthy gentleman, exclaims, in an agony of patriotism, "Alas, Ireland has little now to console her except the consciousness of having produced such men"—as Mr. Casey of Liverpool!

We reserve for the last example of Mr. Phillips's style, two passages which, we are informed by Mr. Phillips himself or his editor, (if indeed Mr. Phillips be not his own editor,) were received *with enthusiastic applauses*. The first is meant to be a satire on bigotry, and the other a panegyric on Mr. Grattan—

"But, oh! there will *never* be a time with *Bigotry*—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her *God* is a *demon*—her *communion* is *death*—her vengeance is eternity—her *decalogue* is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!"

"When the screech-owl of intolerance was *yelling*, and the night of bigotry was brooding on the land, he came forth with

the heart of a hero! and the tongue of an angel! till, at his bidding, the spectre vanished; *the colour of our fields revived, and Ireland, poor Ireland,*" &c. &c.

Such—to speak *figuratively* of this great *figure-maker*—such are the tumid and empty bladders upon which the reputation of Mr. Phillips is trying to become buoyant. We believe our readers will, by this time, think that we have fully justified our opinion of the *style* of this Dublin Demosthenes.

But we have something more than mere errors of style to object to Mr. Phillips; we shall say little of the want of professional ability which his two pleadings exhibit, because he so little intends them to be considered as legal arguments, that there is but one passage in the statement of two legal cases in which there is the slightest allusion to the law, and that allusion only serves to show the advocate's ignorance of, and contempt for, the more serious parts of the profession he was exercising.

"Do not suppose I am endeavouring to influence you by the power of DECLAMATION. I am laying down to you the British law, as liberally expounded and solemnly adjudged. I speak the language of the English Lord Eldon, a Judge of great experience and great learning—(*Mr. Phillips here cited several cases as decided by Lord Eldon*)—Such, Gentlemen, is the language of Lord Eldon. I speak also on the authority of our own Lord Avonmore—a Judge who illuminated the Bench by his genius, *endeared* it by his *suavity*, and dignified it by his *bold uncompromising probity*!!!—one of those rare men, who hid the thrones of law beneath the brightest flowers of literature, and as it were with the hand of an *enchanter*, changed a wilderness into a garden!"

No, *declamation* is not the weapon of Mr. Phillips!—One thing, indeed, we learn from all this, that Mr. Phillips's countrymen appreciate his legal talents at their true worth—We may be sure that he has published every frantic speech he ever made; and they are but two, and both on subjects in which the want of legal education and professional acquirement would be least observed; and accordingly we may say—to borrow a happy expression of Louis the XIVth's, relative to one of his chaplains who

had preached a flowery sermon on all things but religion—that if Mr. Phillips in his pleadings had only said a word or two about law, he would have spoken of every thing.

We now come to Mr. Phillips in the character upon which, of all others, it is evident he piques himself most, namely, that of a PATRIOT.

Mr. Phillips's first political pretension is *honesty*; he is, if you will take his own word for it, a model of *integrity* and *decision*, a pattern for all the young men of the empire who will be warmed into emulation by Mr. Casey's Liverpool dinner. Lest our readers should doubt the modesty of this blushing Hibernian, we shall give *his own words*—a course which is always the safest, and with so profuse a talker as Mr. Phillips, the most decisive and convincing.

"I hope, however, the benefit of this day will not be confined to the humble individual (Phillips, scilicet) you have so honoured; I hope it will cheer on the young aspirants after virtuous fame in both our countries, by proving to them, that however, for the moment, envy, or ignorance, or corruption, may depreciate them, there is a reward in store for THE MAN (Phillips) WHO THINKS WITH INTEGRITY AND ACTS WITH DECISION.

Again, he assures his partial friends "who were crowding around him, that no act of his shall ever raise a blush at the recollection of their early encouragement."

But it is not the easy virtues of profession alone to which Mr. Phillips lays claim—he boasts, in a quotation, solemnly prepared for the occasion, that he is ready even to *suffer* for his country:—

"For thee, fair freedom, welcome all the past,
For thee, my country, welcome *e'en the last!*"

Mr. Phillips's first publication, in the still earlier bloom of his youth, was, as our readers have seen, a poem called the Emerald Isle. It was dedicated, *by permission*, to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, "*Ireland's Hope and England's Ornament.*" The poem did not belie the promise of the dedication; it is a perfect stream of praise, a shower of roses on every person who is named in it, from alpha to omega. This

alone was enough to excite some little suspicion of the author's sincerity; but it became conviction on finding that, whenever in any of his succeeding pamphlets written in *altered* times and *different* circumstances, he has occasion to mention any of the idols of his early flattery, he falls into the natural course of censuring, and sometimes libelling them.

If his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was, on the 23d April, 1812, the date of Mr. Phillips's dedication—*Ireland's Hope and England's Ornament*—what has since happened to justify Mr. Phillips's imputations? What are the enormities which this high-minded and independent patriot "cannot speak of, without danger, because, *thank God*, he cannot think of them without indignation"?

If, in 1812, the Duke of Wellington was "a nation-saving hero"—if, in 1814, "the illustrious potentates were met together in the British capital to commemorate the great festival of universal peace and *universal emancipation*"—if, "all the hopes of *England* were gratified, and *Europe free*"—how does it happen that, in 1816, Mr. Phillips can thus describe the war in which those objects were achieved?

"The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, thus confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more *odious* in its principle. It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch; a war which uprooted the very foundations of the *English* constitution; which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals; and declared *tyranny eternal*."

If, in 1812, Buonaparte was a despot—bloody—impious—polluted—if he was an infidel "who trod the symbol of Christianity under foot"—who plundered temples and murdered priests—if his legions were locusts, and he himself a vulture, a tyrant, and a fiend.—If, in August, 1813, he was again a "tyrant," a "monster," an *embroidered butcher*—if he was, in Mr. Phillips's opinion, all this, how comes it, that in 1816, he speaks of him in the following terms:—

"In dethroning Napoleon you 'ave dethroned a monarch, who, with all his *imputed* crimes and vices, shed a splendour around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. How *grand* was his march! How *magnificent* his destiny! *Say what we will, Sir*, he will be the *land-mark* of our times in the eye of posterity. The goal of other men's speed was his starting-post—crowns were his playthings—thrones his footstool—he strode from victory to victory—his path was 'a plane of continued elevations.'"

If, in 1812, Mr. Phillips could thus speak of Napoleon and Spain—

"His aid is murder in disguise;
His triumph, freedom's obsequies;
His faith, is fraud—his wisdom, guile;
Crestion withers in his smile—
See Spain, in his embraces, die,
His ancient friend, his firm ally!"

If, in 1814, "the Catholic allies of England have refuted the foul aspersions on the Catholic faith," with what face could he, in 1816, ask the Liverpool meeting

"What have you done for Europe? what have you achieved for man? Have morals been ameliorated? has liberty been strengthened? You have restored to Spain a wretch of even worse than proverbial princely ingratitude; who filled his dungeons, and fed his rack with the heroic remnant that had braved war, and famine, and massacre beneath his banners; who rewarded patriotism with the prison—fidelity with the torture—heroism with the scaffold—and piety with the inquisition; whose royalty was published by the signature of his death-warrants, and whose religion evaporated in the *embroidering of petticoats for the Blessed Virgin!*"

If, in 1812, Buonaparte and Portugal could be thus described—

"See hapless Portugal, who thought
A common creed her safety brought—
A common creed! alas, his life
Has been one bloody, impious strife!
Beneath his torch the altars burn
And blush on the polluted urn"

what can Mr. Phillips say for the following description, in 1816, of the very prince who fled from the once "bloody and impious," but now "magnificent" and "splendid" Napoleon!

"You have restored to Portugal a prince of whom we know nothing, except that when his dominions were invaded, his people distracted, his crown in danger, and all that could interest the highest energies of man at issue, he left his cause to be combated by foreign bayonets, and fled with a dastard precipitation to

the shameful security of a distant hemisphere."

In 1814 "the rocks of Norway are elate with liberty." In 1816 Norway is instanced as "a feeble state partitioned to feed the rapacity of the powerful."

In 1812 Mr. Grattan had the misfortune of being the idol of Mr. Phillips's humble adoration—in 1814 Mr. Grattan is still an idol, but an idol, like those of the Tartars, which they chastise; and four pages of one of Mr. Phillips's speeches to the Catholic Board are employed in *chastising* Mr. Grattan for having given some reasons ("if reasons," as Mr. Phillips cautiously observes, "they can be called,") against presenting a Catholic petition at that particular time: he shows too that repeated discussions have had the effect of reducing the majority against the Catholics. All this is very well: but what shall we say when we find Mr. Phillips, in 1816, at Liverpool, expressing his "hope that the Irish Catholics will petition *no more* a parliament so equivocating?"

In 1812 Mr. Ponsonby is highly celebrated, and told that "his country's heart must be cold ere the "honour," the "worth," the "wisdom," the "zeal," the hand to act and heart to feel if *her Ponsonby*," be forgotten. But in the Liverpool speech we find all the merits of the leader of the Whigs forgotten, and his character treated with high indignity—

"Shall a borough-mongering faction convert what is misnamed the national representation, into a mere instrument for raising the supplies which are to gorge its own venality? Shall the *mock dignitaries* of Whiggism and Toryism, lead their hungry retainers to contest the profits of an alternate ascendancy over the prostrate interests of a too generous people? These are questions which I blush to ask."

In 1812 England and Englishmen were the great objects of Mr. Phillips's horror; he found amongst us "a *prejudice* against his native land *predominant* above every other feeling, *inveterate* as ignorance could generate, as *monstrous* as credulity could feed." And (for he assails us in prose and verse) he invokes Ireland

"To remember the glory and pride of her name,
Ere the cold blooded *Sassanach* tainted her fame."

Again—in their mutual communications Mr. Phillips assigns to the Irish "the ardour of patriots and pride of freemen," but to the unlucky English, "*atrocious* provocation and *perfidious* arrogance."

In the Liverpool speech, however, he has quite changed his note; the cold-blooded *Sassanach* is now "the *high-minded* people of England," and even a provincial English town is "the emporium of liberality and public spirit—the birth-place of talent—the residence of integrity"—the asylum of "freedom," "patriotism," and "genius."—In 1812 King William was a *Draco*—"a gloomy murderer," and Mr. Phillips very magnanimously "tramples on the *impious* ashes of that *Vandal tyrant*"—but in 1816 a new light breaks upon him, he applauds the Revolution, vindicates "the reformers of 1688," and calls that period "the most glorious of our national annals."

These changes, monstrous as they are, have taken place in the last two or three years; but we have Mr. Phillips's own assurance that he began his backsliding earlier than the date of any of his pamphlets, and that young as, he tells us, he is in years, he is old in apostacy. In his first speech, August, 1813, he makes the following candid avowal.

"I am not ashamed to confess to you, that there was a day when I was as bigoted as the blackest;—but I thank that Being who gifted me with a mind not quite impervious to conviction, and I thank you, who afforded such dawning testimonies of my error. No wonder, then, I seized my prejudices, and with a blush burned them on the altar of my country!"

Our readers will not fail to observe, that all this wavering is not the mere versatility of a young and ardent mind. Mr. Phillips is indeed inconstant, but it is "*certainly* *ratione modoque*;" his changes may be *calculated*, like those of the moon, and his bright face will always be found towards the rising sun.

He dedicated to the Prince Regent in expectation, and abused him in dis-

appointment; he flattered Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby when they were popular, and sneers at them when he sees a more promising patron. He lent his labours and his lungs to the cause of Catholic emancipation, and preached up the doctrine of *eternal petitions*, while they afforded any prospect of *celebrity* or profit; finding that scent grow cold, he is now against petitioning; and reform in Parliament being the cry of the disaffected in England, he imports his "parcel of" talent and celebrity into Liverpool, consigned to Mr. Casey—exhibits his wares at the dinner before-mentioned—sings a palinode to Napoleon Buonaparte—and hardily enlists himself under the banners of radical reform. We have no doubt that, by the same arts which have forced him into what he and his colleagues modestly call *celebrity*, he will make a very acceptable addition to the society of Major Cartwright and Mr. Gale Jones, until some new turn in the wheel of state, or in the popular feeling, shall again convert him; when we may have him once more bespattering Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby with his praises, and dedicating to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, but, as we anticipate, without the *permission* of which he was formerly so vain.

The following remarks on the appointment of Dr. Marsh to the See of Landaff, vacant by the decease of Bishop Watson, appear in a British publication.

There are few events which could have more contributed to cheer and animate the Church under its present circumstances, than the elevation of Dr. Marsh to the Episcopal bench. The promotion of those, who by their worth have strengthened, and by their talent advanced the interests of our holy cause, is at all times a subject of legitimate triumph; but in no case, perhaps, has this promotion been hailed with more exultation than in the present. While the depth and variety of his knowledge, and the acuteness of his reasoning powers entitle him to our admiration; his manly zeal

and spirited exertions in defence of all that is dear to us as Churchmen and as Christians commend him to our affection. He has maintained the good cause in defiance of every worldly prospect or hope. His advancement has been hardly and severely earned; it came equally unsought and unexpected; and we hail it the more auspicious, as we consider it the advancement not of himself alone, but of the interests of that Church in whose defence he has shown himself so able and so intrepid a combatant. He is now called into a higher scene of action, in which we doubt not but that the same exertion, the same courage, and the same skill will mark his career with honour, and under the blessing of Providence, adorn it with success.

ADDRESS

Of our Saviour to the Penitent Sinner.

"Child of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of woe;
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
Oh! in thought one night recall,
The night of grief in Herod's hall:
Then I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

"Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the Eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled, and wept, and bled, and died.

"Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise;
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
Oh! if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
My God, my God, dost thou forsake?

"Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part?
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod:
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

"Child of Heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord;
Sealed with that mysterious Name,
Bear the cross, and scorn the shame:
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise, to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy—in glory one!"

THANKFULNESS.

Sing to the *Lord* with cheerful voice :

From realm to realm the notes shall sound,
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full Hosannah round.

When starting from the shades of night
At dread *Jehovah's* high behest,
The sun arrayed his limbs in light,
And earth her virgin beauty dressed;

Thy praise transported Nature sung
In pealing chorus wide and far;
The echoing vault with rapture rung,
And shouted every morning star.

When bending from his native sky,
The *Lord* of life in mercy came,
And laid his bright effulgence by,
To bear on earth a human name;

The song thy cherub voices raised,
Rolled through the dark blue depths above,
And Israel's shepherds heard amazed
The seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not man the concert join
For whom the bright creation rose;
For whom the fires of morning shine
And eve's still lamps that woo repose?

And shall not he the chorus swell
Whose form the incarnate Godhead wore;
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumphs tell
How deep the wounds his *Saviour* bore?

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend
Long as yon orbs in glory roll;
Long as the streams of life descend
To cheer with hope the fainting soul;

Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
Shall bid the song of rapture sound;
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full Hosannah round.

Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

In the press:—Lay Sermons, by Mr. Coleridge, addressed to the Middle and Labouring Classes on the present Distresses of the Country;—Letters from the late Mrs. Carter, to the late Mrs. Montagu, in two volumes 8vo;—Sermons by the Rev. John Martin, more than forty years Pastor of the Baptist Church in Keppel-street, in 2 volumes;—Biblical Criticisms on the Books of the Old Testament, and Translations of Sacred Songs, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by the late Bishop Horsley;—A New Volume of Poems by Mr. Leigh Hunt;—Sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ, by the Rev. T. Bowdler, M. A.;—An Account of the Island of Jersey, by W. Plees, many years resident in the Island: with engravings;—A Tour through Belgium along the Rhine, and through the North of France, by James Mitchell, M. A.;—The Second Volume of Mr. Southey's History of Brazil;—No. II. of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus;—The First Volume of "The Annual Obituary," containing, 1. Memoirs of

celebrated Men who have died within the year 1816. 2. Neglected Biography. 3. Analyses of recent Biographical Works. 4. An Alphabetical List of all the Persons who have died within the British Dominions;—A Volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster; with an Account of his Life, by the Rev. Archdeacon Nares;—Female Scripture Biography, by the Rev. F. A. Cox, A. M.

A Memoir of the Life of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William, and the well-known author of several valuable works on the Moral and Religious State of our Asiatic Dominions, has been prepared from authentic documents by the Rev. Hugh Pearson, M. A. of Oxford, and is now printing in two volumes 8vo.

The first Number of a Work, called *The Correspondent*, which will be continued every two months, appeared on the 1st January; its price is 5s. It consists of Letters, Moral, Political, and Literary, between eminent persons in France and England; and is designed, by presenting to each nation a faithful picture of the other, to enlighten both to their true interests, promote a mutual good understanding between them, and render peace the source of common prosperity. They have been long kept in ignorance of each other's true characters and attainments. The revolutionary governments of France pursued a settled policy of animosity and rancour; and, by means of the interruption of communication, the absolute slavery of the continental press, and the regular employment of hired libellers, succeeded in misrepresenting the views and conduct of England. On our side, we have also been accustomed to view France with much prejudice; and what there has been to admire in her, has been thrown into the shade by the prominence of objects creating only horror or disgust. In short, ignorant travellers, factious journalists, the mistakes of the prejudiced, and the artifices of the malevolent, have left the two nations in a great degree blind to each other's real merits, mutually suspicious and mutually deceived. To correct these misconceptions, is the object of the *Correspondent*, which will contain about an equal proportion of the letters of French and English writers; the whole of which will appear in English at London, and in French at Paris. It is scarcely possible to enumerate all the subjects which such a work will embrace. Whatever is interesting in morals, in politics, or literature, will fall within the scope of its plan, provided it be drawn from authentic documents, or indisputable testimony. The English Editor is Dr. Stoddart, a name well known in both countries, as having already rendered essential service by his pen to the cause of truth, order, and ra-

tional liberty. The Number which has already appeared, gives a fair promise of future usefulness and success. The English articles, besides a very able introductory paper, consist of letters on the complaints of agricultural and commercial distress in England; on the municipal corporations of England, and on the corporation of London in particular; on the life of John Wesley, the founder of the English Methodists; on the political societies formed in Germany during the period of Buonaparte's despotism; on the affairs of Spain; on Junius. The French translated articles are, on the royalists of Brittany, and the marquis de la Rouerie; on the terms Liberal Ideas and Ultra Royalists; on the electoral colleges and chamber of deputies; on the means of eradicating mendicity; on the state of parties in France; on the revision of the French code; on the proceedings of the present chamber of deputies, and on Fouche's letter to the Duke of Wellington. These papers, in general, are distinguished by their ability and great extent of information. We were particularly struck with the life of John Wesley, and the letter on the affairs of Spain. In short, we have no hesitation in warmly recommending the work to all our readers who take an interest in the very momentous subjects which are here treated of, or who are anxious to aid the truly laudable and patriotic objects for which it has been set on foot; namely, the promotion between England and France of that spirit of union which is the true bond of national peace.

RUSSIA.

Before the year 1811 the Constitution of Russia was an *absolute autocracy*; but at that period the Emperor Alexander declared that it should be in future a constitutional monarchy; and that the will of the sovereign should be regulated by a code of laws.—The government is composed of, 1. The Senate of the Empire, which in 1811 was composed of thirty-five members; 2. Of the Directing Senate, as the superior authority; 3. Of the Holy Directing Senate; and, 4. Of the High Ministers.—The revenues of the state in 1811 were 215,000,000 rubles. The expenses were the same year 274,000,000. The army in 1810 was 621,155 men; of which 110,000 were irregular troops. The navy in 1803 comprised 269 sail of different sizes, carrying 4348 guns; 32,046 sailors; 8,268 marines; and 4,000 gunners. The established religion is the Greek, which reckons four metropolitan churches; eleven archbishoprics; nineteen bishoprics; 26,747 churches, and a great number of convents. In 1811 there were estimated of the following persuasions, 3,500,000 Catholics; 1,400,000 Lutherans; 3,800 Reformed Protestants;

9,000 of the *Unitas Fratrum*, or Moravians; 5,000 Memnonites; 60,000 Armenians; 3,000,000 Mohammedans; 300,000 worshippers of the Dalai Lama; 600,000 adorers of Fetiches, or idols, &c. &c.

CHINA.

The embassy to China, headed by Lord Amherst, arrived at Macao early in July last, whence, in a few days, he proceeded to Peking. His lordship had received a very favourable letter from the Emperor.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.
GREAT-BRITAIN.

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